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RA: Rex "Tampon" Sumner  
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## IndoNostalgia Run 31 – May 2007 Leaping around Leith Hill

### Friday evening

A confused evening as old friends joined new arrivals at The Parrot Inn – a precocious pub overlooking the green where a village cricket match was in progress. "Why use all this French lingo when they really mean Steak & Chips" moaned **Bunter**. So I asked the Landlord the same question – "it's because we're a precocious gastro pub" he grumbled. So at least they were in agreement. However, despite this, there was a large table out of sight of the dining area where the hash assembled and slowly got pissed, especially those drinking "Old Thumper" rather than Young's gnat's piss.

As the evening progressed, **Pheelthy Phrogg** had to be restrained from singing several times – no rehearsals for tomorrow's circle allowed. Despite our best endeavour's the closest we came to annoying the locals was when **Bravefart** & **Silverbarrels** decided to rearrange the furniture whilst the previous occupants were in the lou – how tame we've become!

An SOS from **Bunter** & **Bloody Barbie**, who had to be rescued from Ockley Station where the advertised taxi was nowhere to be found. To their consternation they discovered that there were no trains on Sundays and as Monday was a Bank Holiday, Sunday service also applied – so no trains home until Tuesday, and this is in the heart of Surrey, not some obscure Fen village.

The campsite had promised showers and finally they were finished, just in time to give **Lamchop** a bath – whether she needed one or not. Being from the new generation she laughed all the time, unlike the moaning old farts who make up the majority of the hash!

### Saturday



Who are you calling a grumpy old fart?

The dawn chorus consisted of various complaints from the grumpy

old farts, **Tampon** couldn't find a decent breakfast in "Dorkin" and **Bunter** complained that the butter had been individually wrapped in single servings – nothing pleases some folk. While **Unmentionable** was dispatched to buy the moaning old git a Saturday paper, at least **Pugwash** didn't complain about being co-opted into the marquee erection gang, although his green wellies got some stick.



It takes three to get it up and keep it up!

Noon couldn't come too soon enough, and dead on twelve **Bear** tapped the first firkin of Sparta. A

very quaffable beer from **Bin Laden's** Milton Brewery which **Bear** had kindly brought all the way down from Cambridge.

Thanks to **Richard & Charlie** at Etherley Farm, lunch included their own farm smoked turkey as well as a selection of cheeses and cold meats.

At 2pm precisely (whatever happened to jam kerat?) **The Penguin** called the hash to order and a few moments silence was held to remember **Brown Eye** and **Hotlips**, who have both fallen foul of cancer since we last met.



Which way ducky?

A short explanation of the symbols by the hares, **Blowback** & **Dry Crank** and it was on-on up the farm road. Long and devious turnbacks and loops kept the pack together and some simple short-cuts ensured that even **Inseminator** and **Blue Pecker** were able to keep up with the pack despite carrying their babes. On seeing these two with their offspring on their backs, a neighbouring camper, who had no idea what hashing is or where Indonesia is, asked if he could join in the fun – hence the stranger on the right of the picture below.



Inseminator and Blue Pecker have no difficulty keeping up with Billy Wizz

The trail led over fields, through woods and although many suspected

that we were going up Leith Hill eventually, the circuitous route meant that we climbed slowly without realising where we were.



We can't all be FRBs!

Fortunately, just as we were beginning to breath heavily, a sign said it was only ¼ mile up the steps to the top of Leith Hill, which was enough to entice most of the runners up the hill, although **Tampon** led **Drag Queen** and **Starkers** astray by contouring round to the car park, thus missing the beer stop. **Blowback** had run the trail with 6 litres of Sparta on his back and we were all delighted to relieve him of it whilst admiring the view over the Surrey countryside.



Admiring the view Jonny Cum Lately

After milling about the hilltop for a while, the Hare pointed north and called On-On and despite this being 180 degrees away from the farm, the FRBs shot off into the woods in search of a trail. A bit of up and down hill through the Rhodedenrums.



Gorilla dejected? Never! But why isn't the beer stop here?

Passing the car park, where the SCBs had decided was where the beer should have been, we passed a rather dejected **Gorilla** waiting to see if **Dry Crank** had any dregs of Sparta left over for him.



Contrasting styles: Pheelthy Tadpole (running) and Pheelthy Phrogg (posing)



Co-ordinated Uncoordinated

Even on the run down the hill there were sufficient checks and turnbacks to stop the FRBs from disappearing into the distance and the majority of the pack arrived back at the farm within a few minutes of each other.



IndoNostalgia virgins



Hash virgins, Richard and Scott

The beer flowed freely under the watchful eye of **Bunter**, who ensured that not a drop was wasted, and the circle proceeded whilst the dinner was cooking. Usual chaos as unsuspecting bystanders were co-

opted onto the mismanagement. Was **Ferret** hashflash or was it **Graham**? Judging by the quality (or lack of?) of the snaps it must have been the latter.



Jetstream, with son and Hare

Unlike more studious Scribes, yours truly makes no notes and as we got more and more pissed, memories of the evening's events became more and more blurred.



Piss pouring



A bemused Ferret

Several IndoNostalgia virgins we christened, **Lady Slipstream** (daughter of **Jetstream**), **Triple Sex** (the third time she's come with **Beergut**), **Drag Queen** (don't ask!). Then the two Jamieson babes who were proudly christened **Lamchop** and **Woody Wood Pecker** in their Surabaya 500<sup>th</sup> run T-shirts. **Clare** got several down-downs but somehow avoided getting a hash name – this time!

**Wet Dreams** upstaged **Phealthy Phrogg** with a superb rendition of Blitish Soldier, but the Master of Musique made amends by singing a "tasteful" duet (surely not the S&M Man) with the **Phealthy Tadpole**. The future of IndoNostalgia music is in safe hands!



Starboard engine



Safe sex?

With a good number of new Exiles, it was appropriate to re-run the B52 bomber sketch, starboard engine being played by an expectant **Bloody Barbie**, he knew something was coming but couldn't imagine what or when. Despite never having been to Indonesia, **Billy Wizz**, soon got into the right spirit with some very entertaining jokes, pity **Froggy** wasn't there to watch and learn.

**Ferrari Ferret**, was hoping that nobody knew it was his birthday but a bottle of plonk made up for the extra birthday down-down.



Birthday boy



Old boy

At this point Golan, alias **Bravehart**, appeared on the scene to enliven proceedings. Multiple down-downs ensured that **Drag Queen** got value for money, he made the mistake of looking cold, then drinking too fast and then finally getting named. Other victims included Tweedledum. **Bloody Barbie**, and Tweedledee, **Silverbarrels**.



Golan needed restraining

**Blowback** kept up the tradition of presenting a Hare's song, coming straight from Trinidad his version of "both of them on top" was well received as **Swollen Member** and **Sweller** attempted to perform the actions, without knowing what was coming next and whose turn it was to get on top; until finally, they both got on top together – of the suitcase you understand.



Pugwash & turd



Who's turn on top?

Thanks to the website, **Captain Lovely** turned up unexpectedly, having just returned from Jakarta he had found out about IndoNostalgia whilst surfing the web – how sad! He was joined by several other day trippers, **Graham**, **Richard** and **Scott**, who had a great time, bring a tent next time and you can get twice as pissed!

As the evening progressed the fun and games became more and more complicated until it was rounded off with an odd version of polo – or was that Sunday, must make notes in future.



Anyone for polo?

As it grew dark a huge bonfire was lit and loads of Indonesian rending, rice, sate, gado-gado etc was served, thanks mostly to **Unmentionable** had been co-opted in to assist the Hares with the food, that's what Mothers are for isn't it?

## Sunday

Those of us who were expecting a nice short stroll to blow away the cobwebs were in for a shock. **Blowback** was nowhere to be seen when the appointed hour arrived – he was still out laying the trail, the first worrying sign, but with a bit of mobile telephony, we learnt where the trail started and off we set. Walkers were instructed to take a short left hander down the road and that was the last we saw of them.



Dr Pecker, Bone, Lady Slipstream & Clare all had their own ideas of "running"

Some cunning checks kept everyone guessing, especially in the woods where it left the well trodden path and wound through the bushes. At this point, much to her amazement, **Sweller** discovered the trail and found herself leading the pack – but instead of calling On-On she turned to the following pack and asked "now what do I do?" None of the pack's suggestions were accepted so we just had to follow the trail.



Drag Queen, Billy Wizz & Pheelthy Tadpole

After about three quarters of an hour we found ourselves back at the point that the SCBs had left us, so off we went out into the countryside again. Despite being rather a long trail, it was well laid and even the less fit amongst us were able to keep up, partly because the trail appeared to be going round in circles – which it was. It was on this loop that **Swollen Member** nearly became "bitten off member" as he passed too close to a pack of rottweilers.

Another three quarters of an hour and we were back outside the B&B but rather than heading for the farm, the trail took a sharp right and onto another loop. This final loop was one

too far for **Jetstream** who ignored the trail and headed for the beer, followed by **Bravefart** and **Silverbarrels** who had also done enough running for the weekend.

The FRBs finally made it back about half an hour later, the trail turned out to have been a clover leaf with three loops all coming back to the starting point, how technical!

As usual the Sunday circle was more subdued, partly because we had drunk most of the beer the previous evening and partly because most had to drive and so had to keep below 35mg or whatever.



More down-downs

An unlimited supply of barbequed sausages helped soak up the beer. It has to be recorded that **Bear**, on being offered a choice of a banana or yellow bean sticky rice parcel requested the banana one as "the one I had yesterday was too tough" – you'd have thought that a man of his experience would have realised that you remove the banana leaf before eating the contents!



The Vicar of Camaret has balls that hang very low .....

Despite some rather dull and drizzly weather (it was a Bank Holiday weekend after all), the enthusiasm of the diehards wasn't dampened and the party tents provided just enough shelter to keep everyone pretty dry while the bonfire kept us all warm.

For those who missed Pheelthy Progg's rendition of *Le Cure de Camaret* here are the original lyrics:

*Les filles de Camaret se dissent toutes vierges  
Mais quand elles sont dans mon lit  
Elles preferent tenir mon vit  
Qu'un cierge, qu'un cierge*

*O fille de Camaret ou est ton pucelage?  
Il est parti ce matin  
Sur la bitte d'un marin  
Il nage, au large*

*Le Cure de Camaret a les couilles qui pendent  
Et quand il s'assoit dessus  
Ca lui renter dans le cul  
Il bande, il bande*

*Sur la place de Camaret y'a une statue d'Hercule  
Monsieur le Maire et le Cure  
Qui sont tous deux des pedes  
L'enculent, l'enculent*

Confused? Don't parlez le frogfish? Can't read froglish without the accents? You'll have to come to Le Mans on 24<sup>th</sup>/25<sup>th</sup> May 2008 where Pheelthy will explain it all to you!

A thoroughly enjoyable weekend and thanks to **Blowback** for finding such a hash friendly venue. With half of the pack less than 35 years old, and an average age of about 38, the future of IndoNostalgia Hash is looking good.

On-On to Le Mans,  
**Jetstream**

Future Run dates:

May 24<sup>th</sup>/25<sup>th</sup> 2008, Le Mans with Pheelthy Progg, 24 hours sur la piss?

September 2008, Tirley, Gloucestershire, at a nice warm pub.

June 2009, The Vulcan, Cardiff. Join Bear, Klinger & Bone for a farewell to the oldest pub in Cardiff.

September 2009, near Lisbon, Portugal, at Icepyke's holiday resort.

Spring 2010, Yorkshire maybe, if Stainless is in the country.